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VANITY VERSES.

"*Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.*"

ROMEO AND JULIET.

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.

NEW YORK:
F. B. PATTERSON, PUBLISHER,
16 CEDAR STREET.

1876.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
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Print of S. B. LEVERICH.
New York.

To those who aid in forming what is termed "Society" at the great summer resorts, where fashion, frivolity, and folly seem to reign supreme, and the greatest aim in life to be a new dress, a flirtation, or the latest figure in the "German;" but where, underlying this apparent worldliness, are often true hearts, generous natures, and a good sense, that the faults of an artificial system of education have been unable to crush out.

BOSTON, *Nov.*, 1876.

Gould Nov. 22, 1911 $ .15

Table of Contents.

After Croquet 5

After the Hop 21

A Modern Engagement 25

Before the Hop 17

Blasted Hopes 41

By the Sea 35

Drifting 39

Flirtation 11

Forget-me-not 60

In Church 8

Masked Batteries 57

On the Piazza 28

Orpheus and Eurydice 76

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PARTING 37

PHAETHON'S DRIVE 71

ST. AUGUSTINE 53

TEACHING BILLIARDS 13

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR"—"LABUNTUR ANNI" . . 31

THE FISHERMAN'S REASON 46

THE HOP 19

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS 65

THE OLD STORY 51

THE SEA-WALL 49

AFTER CROQUET.

" *Such* partners as Lou and I had, Nell,
This morning in playing croquet!
That odious little De Sautelle,
How stupid to ask *him* to play!
And then that prim old Mr. Mead
—He scarce knew his mallet from ball—
Invite us to join *them*, indeed,
We didn't feel flattered at all.

It 's just like those Jones' girls, my dear,
To get the nice men on their side,
And then to ask us; but 't was clear
We got the attention; they tried

To keep their friends all in *their* wake,
'T was, 'Oh! Mr. Gray, only see
Where my ball is!' and 'Please, Mr. Blake,
Why won't you croquet this for me?'

I was cross: but it was sort of fun
To watch those manœuvring girls;
Especially when, the game done,
The one with the horrible curls
Asked her partner to get her a glass
Of water; then signed with her fan
To her sister and Blake as they pass—
Before I'd *run after* a man!

But the best of it was, both the men,
As soon as they decently could,
Bade the Jones' girls good morning, and then
Joined us as we lingering stood

AFTER CROQUET.

Just stupidly trying to talk
With our partners,—Oh! what a bore!—
And carried us off for a walk
Along by the rocks on the shore.

And the Jones' girls could see, all the time;
They watched us,—Oh! was n't I glad!—
And *such* a flirtation—sublime—
As Ned—*Mr.* Gray—and I had!
'Tis really provoking,—a shame—
He 's going to leave here to-day;
I 've promised to walk to the train:
Excuse me,—*he 's coming this way.*"

IN CHURCH.

During the Litany.

"I'm glad we got here early, Nell,
We 're not obliged to sit to-day
Beside those horrid Smith girls,—Well,
I 'm glad they go so soon away.
How does this cushion match my dress?
I think it looks quite charmingly.
'Bowed sweetly to the Smiths?' Oh! yes—
[*Responds*] . . . 'Pride, vanity, hypocrisy,
Good Lord, deliver us.'

IN CHURCH.

I hate those haughty Courtenays !
I 'm sure they need n't feel so fine,
Above us all,—for mamma says
Their dresses are n't as nice as mine.
And one 's engaged, so, just for fun,
To make her jealous,—try to win
Her lover,—show her how 't is done—
[*Responds*] . . 'From hatred, envy, mischief, sin,
Good Lord, deliver us.'

To-day the rector is to preach
In aid of missionary work;
He 'll say he hopes and trusts that each
Will nobly give, nor duty shirk.
I *hate* to give. But then one *must*,
You know we have a forward seat;
People can see,—they *will*, I trust—
[*Responds*] . . 'From want of charity, deceit,
Good Lord, deliver us.'

Did you know Mr. Gray had gone?
That handsome Mr. Rogers too?
Dear me! We shall be quite forlorn
If all the men leave,—and *so* few!
I trust that we with Cupid's darts
May capture some,—let them beware—
[*Responds*] . . 'Behold the sorrows of our hearts,
And, Lord, with mercy hear our prayer.'"

FLIRTATION.

They stroll by the sands together,
  They sit on the rocks below,
Or wander among the heather,
In the lovely summer weather:
  With voices soft and low
They talk of the present pleasure,
  And look in each others eyes
As if there they found the measure
Of all their hopes,—a treasure,
  An earthly Paradise.

In whispers sweet and broken,
  With hand-clasp or a sigh,

FLIRTATION.

He begs perchance some token,
Remembrance,—love—unspoken,—
A kiss when no one 's by:
She droops her eyes, as, bending
He gazes on her face,
A charm to beauty lending,
While consciously defending
Her modesty with grace.

Then murmurs words half seeming
An echo to his own,
Her face with smiles now beaming,
'T would seem two hearts are dreaming
Of love and that alone.
Alas, for true love's passion!
—In this enlightened age
Now quite gone out of fashion—
'T is only a flirtation,
And *she* threw down the gage.

TEACHING BILLIARDS.

" I 've looked for you everywhere, Joe,
Pray where in the world have you been?
—That walk with the Gray girls, you know."
" By Jove, I forgot it !—But then
I 've had such a glorious time!
—Must make my excuses to Nell,
She 'll forgive me I know—; it was prime
Teaching billiards to little Lou Bell!

She 's lovely,—a figure petite,
Laughing eyes, a complexion as fair
And pure as a lily, mouth sweet—
' Rave over her! '—Well, I declare

I never discovered one half
The charm of her figure and face
Till to day; now admit—without chaff—
You 'd like to have been in my place.

To begin with, her cue must be chalked;
While doing it, looked in her face,
Said lots of sweet things,—Oh! I talked
Of beauty and feminine grace;
Same as told her I could n't resist,
—Fascination, you know, and all that—
And the nice easy caroms I missed!
To lengthen the game and the chat.

How I praised all the shots that she made,
—Not many to praise, on my word—
And somehow my arm once delayed
Round her waist,—and she never demurred—

As I taught her to guide her cue right
In making some difficult shot.
'*Very pleasant!*' Old boy, *such* delight
As ne'er before fell to my lot."

Then to watch for the proud, happy smile,
At each easy carom she made,
—It happened but once in a while,
When the balls near together were laid—
And to see the pleased look in her eyes
When the balls by a fortunate kiss
Made a count;—and the joy, the surprise,
To think that it was n't a miss.

You 're yawning, by Jove! 'You don't care
About my flirtations?'—*Polite,*
On my word! When I thought the affair
Would please you. 'It did me?' Yes, quite.

Well, don't interfere, my dear boy,
—*My* property now—keep away :
Flirtation was made to enjoy.
'Fall in love?' I guess *not*, but I *may*."

BEFORE THE HOP.

"Nine o'clock! I must hurry,—so late!
Pray where *can* that hair-dresser be?
I told him to come here at eight,
As soon as I'd taken my tea:
I 'll never be ready to-night;
—Just like a man! Always behind—
But I won't go down dressed like a fright,
And my card is all filled,—never mind.

Jane, lay my things out on a chair.
'Pink silk?' No, I 've worn that before;
White muslin. Don't crush it! Take care!
And don't let it drag on the floor!

BEFORE THE HOP.

'Cherry sash?' Yes, the wide one,—you know,—
The other is spotted; and see
To my gloves—worn 'em once—it won't show—
There 's my fan on the lounge—let it be.

Dressed at last! And now where 's my bouquet?
Pink rosebuds and smilax! How sweet!
I must thank Mr. Jones, by the way;—
A note would be pretty and neat.
My card, Jane; be quick! Do you hear?
I hope the ball has n't begun!
Who 's first on the list? Mr. Vere?
I *do* enjoy dancing! *Such* fun!"

THE HOP.

. . . "Nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus."—*Horace.*

The parlors are blazing with light,
And soft on the midsummer night
  Float Strauss's sweet strains;
While busy feet whirl in the dance,
And eyes bright with happiness glance,
  Supreme, pleasure reigns.

Without, the moon, lovely and grand,
Is spreading o'er ocean and strand
  A silvery sheen;

Illuming a gayly dressed throng
Who walk the verandahs along,
—A picturesque scene.

The fountains in diamond-like spray
Plashing softly; the moonbeams, at play
With the drops, shining bright;
The lawn, with its brilliant-hued flowers;
The headland; the light-house high towers,
Lend charm to the sight.

Alas, that our joys cannot last!
For ever to days of the past
Fond memory clings;
Too swiftly the hours go by;
In spring-time of youth, pleasures fly
On lightest of wings.

AFTER THE HOP.

" Do come in and talk awhile, Kitty,
It's only a quarter past one;
I 'm not a bit sleepy; are you, dear?
Oh! Didn't we have lots of fun!
Take the easy chair,—just wait a minute—
No,—tip the things out on the floor;
I 'll pick 'em all up in the morning:
This dressing 's a horrible bore!

Did you see Susie Sprague! *Such* a dress, dear!
She really wore *three* shades of blue;
And *one* does n't suit her complexion:
Such taste! Why, if she only knew

How to dress, and arrange her hair nicely,
She really might make quite a show.
'Don't think so?' Perhaps I 'm mistaken;
It 's *certain* we never shall know.

Did you meet Mr. Waite?—new arrival—,
His waltzing is simply *divine!*
He asked for a dance;—'t wasn't fair, but
I scratched off poor little Tom Brine,
Gave him his,—made some paltry excuses
When Tom came,—must surely have seen
How things stood—; sorry,—can't be helped now tho'
—It really was *awfully mean!*

What diamonds that stout Mrs. Smith wore!
If I were as ugly as she
I 'd really dress plainer; she 's horrid!
So vulgar 't is easy to see

AFTER THE HOP.

By the colors and jewels she puts on!
—Silk dresses for morning attire,—
White boots for croquet,—bracelets bathing,—
For *her* to *our* set to aspire!

I waltzed twice with Mr. De Lancey;
I had to,—he looked at my card—,
'Twas the first of the evening; the dances
Were n't taken,—'twas awfully hard!
He begged so, I gave him another,
—Already I'd given him one—,
It 's awful to be a wall-flower;
Any partner is better than *none!*

What! Sleepy!—Or thinking of *him*, dear?"
"*Him! Who, pray?*" "Why, everyone saw!
Don't blush! If it is n't for spooning
I'd like to know what men *are* for!

You led him on well; did he offer
Undying affection and love?
Not angry!—What! Going already?
Good-night, dear; your rooms 's just above."

A MODERN ENGAGEMENT.

Scene: hotel piazza,
Moon is shining bright;
Time: about eleven
Of a summer night.

Dramatis personæ:
Maiden of the day,
And a college student,
Handsome, witty, gay.

A MODERN ENGAGEMENT.

Object : a flirtation,
  Hours to beguile ;
Reason : time is heavy,
  And to be in style.

So they sit together
  In a quiet nook,
Compliments exchanging,
  She with downward look,

Till he—blame the moonlight—
  Calls her his adored ;
She—the moonlight also—
  Takes him at his word.

So their troth is plighted,
  Lightly woven strand,
Holding them united
  As a rope of sand.

Carelessly they wear it
  For a month or more;
Then the chain is broken,
  All is as before.

Both of them delighted
  To be free again;
Each has learned the lesson
  Love is hard to feign.

ON THE PIAZZA.

" Did I ever tell you the story, Ned,
Of how I proposed to Nellie there?
' No? '—Let me see—it was years ago—
It's really funny—Oh! Nell won't care.

'T was on the piazza—right here—one morn,
That 's why I thought of it now, you know—,
Just after breakfast; the place was full,
Talking, or walking to and fro.

I was head over ears in love with Nell;
'T was plain to all, but I could n't speak;
Somehow, whenever I tried it on
'*Vox faucibus haesit*,'—my heart was weak.

We were promenading here up and down,
Among the idlers, Nell and I;
My face aglow with the joy I felt
In her presence: a sailor passing by

With shells for sale—must have seen my looks—
Shouted to me,—he stopped us too—,
'Shells of the ocean, the deep blue sea!
Buy one, sir, *for your sweetheart; do!*"

Smiles, and laughter but half suppressed,
  Greeted the sally from every side;
Nell was crimson, her eyes cast down,
  While I was filled with a conscious pride.

I felt inspired! I seized the chance,
  And mustered courage to whisper low,
Shall I buy a shell or not? My fate
  Lies in your answer. It was n't 'No.'"

" TEMPORA MUTANTUR." — —

— — " LABUNTUR ANNI."

" Want my ' Odes of Horace ' ? Why,
What has happened ? Something strange !
You in college days gone by
Never read 'em,—what a change !

' Look up a quotation ? ' Well,
See the book-case, upper row,
Guess you 'll find it there,—can't tell,
Put it up some years ago.

Found it? Ah! What 's that?" "A scrap,
—Paper fell from out the leaves."
"There it is,—right in your lap—
What is on it? Read it, please."

[*Reads.*]

"On a Lady's Portrait."

"Thy portrait, tho' I can but praise,
And own it's beauty as I gaze,
But half does justice to the grace
Of thy fair form and lovely face.
Thine eye, anon with pleasure bright,
Softened again with liquid light,—
Thy smile, now brilliant, now subdued,
According to thy varying mood,—
Mien stately as from marble hew'd,
Yet grace in every attitude.
Sculptor can form an image rare,

The artist paint a portrait fair,
But ne'er can human art portray
The features' ever changing play;
Nor give the look, by touch refined,
Which life alone can make divine."

" Quite a poet! Why, old boy,
Never heard of you that way.
Happy man! I wish you joy;
Who 's the fair one? Named the day? "

" Nonsense !—Flirting,—Kitty White—,
Had her picture,—seems absurd,
Sat up writing half the night.
—First attempt, upon my word.

Long ago,—it must be now
Half a dozen years or more;

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."—"LABUNTUR ANNI."

I was young and foolish: how
I *did* spoon in days of yore!

She was lovely,—fair and slight.
Ran across her lately,—Bah!"
"Lost her beauty?" "Yes, you 're right;
Passeé! Have a fresh cigar?"

BY THE SEA.

I wander by the ocean's side,
The pale moon shimmers on the sand;
White waves o'er each other ride,
My brow by breezes soft is fanned.
A white hand rests upon my arm,
A form and face beside me fair,
Words low spoken, voice to charm,
Ah! A spell comes o'er me there.

We talk of affection,—the heart,—
At last, looking into her eyes,
Emboldened I ask, "*Must we part?*"
With a look of the greatest surprise,
But laughing, she says, "How absurd!
What a capital actor you are!
I 'll forgive you this once;—on my word
You must stop tho'; you 're going too far."

PARTING.

Summer days must have an ending,
Though our footsteps homeward tending
Linger while they may:
Pleasures pass, and friendships sever
Idols must be broken ever,
Ever, day by day.

Bright the hours spent together,
Leaving recollection ever
As a dream of joy;

PARTING.

Heedless are we of the morrow,
Thinking not that parting sorrow
May our hopes destroy:
Living only in the present,
Only for the time so pleasant,
Days without alloy.

DRIFTING.

Drifting with ocean's tide,
All in the golden sunset's after glow:
A summer sky above, the sea below,
No sound save tiny wavelet's lap and flow
Against the wherry's side.

Drifting, just you and I:
The twilight fading slowly,—gone the sun,—
The stars come forth and greet us, one by one;
Night wraps us in her mantle,—day is done,
O'er all deep shadows lie.

DRIFTING.

Drifting so idly,—where?
Ah! not alone on ocean's placid breast;
A swifter stream—love's current—bears us, blessed,
To fairer shores and sweeter joys; our rest
And happiness is there.

BLASTED HOPES.

By the Eastern sea-coast
  Weeks flew quickly round;
And, the summer ended,
  I was homeward bound.

On the rail from Portland
  Fortune favored me
With a fair young lady,
  —Pleasant company—.

Teeth of pearly whiteness,
Cheeks of lovely hue,
Eyes of sparkling brightness,
—Ever changing too—,

Mouth of dewy sweetness,
Lips just made to kiss,
Jaunty hat, concealing
Crimps,—a dream of bliss.

She, a Western lady;
I, an Eastern man;
Just the chance for flirting,
—Capital good plan!

Ne'er shall see each other
  Probably again;
She is going westward
  By the evening train.

None will be the wiser,
  Where will be the harm
In the Salem tunnel
  Stretching out my arm,

Just as a protection
  To the lady fair;
And to show my presence
  Still beside her there!

And, if it should happen,
  Merely her to show
That I think her lovely,
  —Kissable, you know—,

I should steal a little
  Sweetness from her lips,
—As the bee the honey
  From the flower sips—,

Would she be offended?
  Hurt, her maiden pride?
Or enjoy it only?
  Well, I can't decide.

But the question ponder
As the hours fly;
And at last determine
The affair to try.

* * *

Well, the famous tunnel
Must be drawing near;
Minutes fly, and milestones,
Still it don't appear.

Suddenly my spirits
Sink,—my hopes are vain—;
Railroad 's not the "Eastern,"
'T is, alas! the "Maine"!

THE FISHERMAN'S REASON

" Put up your gold, stranger;
No offence, sir, I pray;
But when you 've met danger—
Death—staring at you,—say
Would you exchange your
Feelings for pay?

'Why did I do it,' sir?
Is my life worth the less
That I should bear a line
To a ship in distress,

When all the odds were
'Gainst me, I guess?

'Why did I do it,' eh?
Well, it 's no story;
'T warn't just humanity,
Nor love of glory,
And, as I 've shown you,
'T wasn't for money.

'Why did I do it, then!'
Well, I 'm a fisherman,
Lonely and old; and when
Danger is to be ran,—
That 's pretty often—
Why, there I am.

I s'pose you think it queer;
But life is nearly run,
And the sea is the bier
Of father, brother, son;
So I hope—danger near,
My time has come.

That's the whole of it, sir;
I 'm very glad, of course,
To have saved lives that were
Just about as good as lost.
But, sir, no praise nor stir;
'T ain't worth the cost."

THE SEA-WALL.

Between the dances, one lovely night,
Kate and I in the soft moonlight
    Along the sea-wall strolled ;
And though with love my heart was stirred,
My lips had never breathed the word,
    It still remained untold.

The path was narrow; the sea below;
And close together we wandered slow;
At last I boldly said,
"This walk is hardly safe for *two;*"
Then whispered,— "What we ought to do
Is—be made *one*,—be wed."

"ST. AUGUSTINE HOTEL."

THE OLD STORY.

Maiden lovely, why thy blushes?
Do I guess thy answer well?
Speak to me the tender flushes
Truer far than words can tell?

Can I read the words unspoken
In those beauteous eyes of thine?
Though thy lips refuse the token,
Says thy heart that thou art mine?

Never purer love was tendered;
  But in words are ill expressed
Thoughts thy image has engendered,
  Deeply graven in my breast.

Corydon to fair Alexis
  Sang his love in tuneful lay;
Bold Admetus to Alcestis
  Told the story of to-day.

Love's romance, in future ages
  As in past, will still be new;
Ever bearing on its pages
  Record of affection true.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

[FOUNDED 1565.]

In the realm of flowers, a perfumed land,
Girt by the sea, by soft winds fanned,
Ravaged by wars, in years grown old,
Its former glory a tale long told,
Stands the quaint old Spanish city.

The scene of many a hard-fought fight,
Of many a siege, when Spanish might
Was o'er the land; in its decay
It hath a beauty to live alway,
That quaint old Spanish city.

There 's a charm in the ancient, narrow street,
Where lovely dames erst walked to meet
Cavaliers in the years gone by,
When strife of valor and love ran high
In the quaint old Spanish city.

There 's a charm in the houses old and gray,
That echoed with song and laughter gay,
When forms in beauty and youth sublime
Gathered there in the olden time,
In the quaint old Spanish city.

There 's a charm in the fortress, mighty, grand,
Tho' showing the ravage of time and man;
Where many a prisoner once confined,
In gloomy dungeon a captive pined,
In the quaint old Spanish city.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

There 's a charm in the convent's crumbling wall;
In old cathedral, with turret tall,
With moss-grown roof, and merry chime,
Man outliving, defying time,
In the quaint old Spanish city.

There 's a charm in the bright and sunny sky,
In shimmering river and ocean nigh,
In orange grove, and in palm-tree's shade,
In churchman's cassock, and veilèd maid,
In the quaint old Spanish city.

Its days of glory are past and gone;
The roll of drum, and the bugle-horn,
No more shall summon in stern array
The warrior bold to deadly fray,
In the quaint old Spanish city.

But recollections of grandeur past,
Visions of days when its lot was cast
In fairer mould, in times long gone,
E're years and battles had left forlorn
The quaint old Spanish city,

Haunt the memory: the scenes of yore
Seem before us;—We see once more,
Born of its ruin, arise anew
In strength and beauty before our view,
That quaint old Spanish city.

MASKED BATTERIES.

"If you 'll keep it secret,—honor bright—,
I 'll tell you a little story, Joe;
Something that happened to me last night
Here at the masquerade ball, you know.

You may have noticed I 've spooned of late
On Laura Clyde,—nothing else to do—;
She 's rather pretty,—at any rate
Fond of flirting, and I am too.

Laura 's a friend of my sister Fan;
Her room joins mine, and the walls are thin.
So I by accident heard them plan
Their dresses for masquerading in.

The ball was lovely, the costumes fine,
And either dancing or iced champagne
—Can't say which, but expect the wine—
Just a little confused my brain.

So, meeting Laura—a gypsy maid—,
—Knew her at once by her dress, you see,—
I took her out for a promenade
On the piazza alone with me.

'*Flirted?*' Said I was deep in love,
  Madly worshipped the ground she trod,
Vowed it by all below, above;
  Did she return it?—a word, a nod?

The fair head drooped in assent; and I
  Snatched off the mask,—with rapture kissed her;
A peal of laughter was my reply,
  By Jove! Old boy, *it was my sister!*

Laugh at me, Joe! Don't spare my pride,
  Nor mind my feelings,—I feel so glad
It *was* my sister, *not* Laura Clyde;
  Heavens! What an escape I had!"

"FORGET-ME-NOT."

Only a blue forget-me-not,
Faded and withered; yet dear to me,
Bringing back to my memory
A summer of pleasure by the sea,
Never to be forgot.

Only a flower with meaning sweet,
Given to me on the shining strand,
Placed in mine by a fair white hand,—
Earth that day was a fairy land,—
The world seemed at my feet.

"*FORGET-ME-NOT.*"

Only a token,—'Remember me':
Years have vanished on time's swift wings.
Yet ever my heart with pleasure clings
To that bright day, and fondly brings
It back in memory.

LESSONS

FROM

MYTHOLOGY.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

When Gods met mortals in the olden time,
And graced their feasts, and hob-nobbed o'er their
wine;
When Jupiter, and all of heavenly birth,
Oft sought enjoyment with the Sons of Earth,
And deemed it not beneath them there to be,
Where wine was good, and—best of all—was *free;*
It happened, if the fable truth relate,
Peleus and Thetis joined the marriage state.
The wedding was to be a grand affair;
The gods and goddesses should all be there;
And "best society" should be obliged to say

It was the finest party of the day.
All this—no need to say—was Thetis' plan,
Though Peleus paid the bills—unhappy man!

From some small thing springs oft a great event,
And woman, innocent of bad intent,
Seems sometimes at the base of all our woes,
As in the present case the sequel shows.

Thetis, of course, desiring to make
Everything pleasant to her guests of state,
Omitted Eris from her party list,
Knowing her presence would be gladly missed.

Now this same Eris was a wicked dame—
"Goddess of Discord" was her earthly name—

And being *incensed* at this *mortal* slight,
—*Immortal incense* oft burns very bright—,
Resolved upon a very cunning joke,
To vex the ladies and the gods provoke.

Just as the supper had got well begun,
And wine was flowing fast, 'mid mirth and fun,
The envious goddess through the Atrium rolled
A large round apple, made of solid gold.
Upon it was inscribed, in letters plain,
" The fairest woman here this prize shall gain."
Of course the mortals stood no chance at all,
Frowned down by goddesses both great and small;
And so, though many claimed the prize in heart,
In competition dared not take a part.
Among the ladies of immortal fame,
Who stood 'mid beauty's ranks in foremost name,

Were Venus, Juno, and Minerva, who
Possessed renown for loveliness well due.
All could not win the prize; and who should choose
Which of the three should win, and which should lose,
Became a point each guest desired to shun,
And leave deciding to some other one.
At last 't was fixed, by general assent,
One Paris should determine whom was meant;
And though he pleaded ignorance and youth—
The first excuse not very near the truth—
By general wish he was compelled to act,
And, *nolens volens*, to decide the fact.

Alas! Immortals—sad it is to tell—
Like mortals, sometimes are dishonest—well
I 'll say no more; but each one did her best

To bribe poor Paris, and outdo the rest.
Minerva offered wealth, and Juno power;
But Venus beauty, as the richest dower;
So youthful Paris—there he was not wise—
Called Venus fairest, and gave her the prize.

King Menelaus, chief of Sparta's band,
Possessed the fairest wife in all the land.
Helen her name; a lovelier form and face
Never had poet sung, nor artist traced.
Paris, invoking Venus' promised aid,
A visit to King Menelaus made;
Acted the traitor—spoiled his household joy,
And carried Helen as his prize to Troy;
Whence sprung the Trojan war, and Paris' fate
Teaches a lesson learned by him too late:
To flatter no one at another's cost,

Nor to provoke a woman—or you 're lost.
For Juno and Minerva, in their spite
At Paris' choice on Thetis' wedding night,
Aided the Greeks their chieftain's cause to gain
And Troy was captured, and its hero slain.

PHAETHON'S DRIVE.

Once on a time, it was long ago,
When gods oft came to this world below,
And, finding it rather a pleasant place,
Made love to mortals; there sprung a race
Of men whose origin, part divine,
Ranked them above the common kind.
Now one of these, young Phaethon,
Sprung from Helios, god of the Sun,—
Perhaps as Phœbus you know him best,
Gods oft with several names were blest,—
Feeling insulted at being told
That he was merely of mortal mold,

Wishing to prove it a falsehood base,
And show him above the human race,
Begged his father, god of the Sun,
To grant him a favor, a wish,—just one.
The promise given beyond recall,
(For gods keep pledges, though mortals fall)
The youth determined to prove his birth
By some grand deed, to the sons of earth.
Now Phaethon, though a fine young man,
Was rather fast,—so the fable ran,—
And among his follies,—there might be worse,—
Was a love for driving a rapid horse.
The speed and beauty of Phœbus' car,
As it spread the morning light afar,
Had oft inflamed in his breast desire
To hold the reins o'er those steeds of fire.
And now, thought he, the wish I 'll ask
Is to assume the pleasing task
Of driving the chariot for a day,

And prove to mortals I know the way
To handle horses, as well as show
I 'm not descended from men below.

* * * * *

With sore misgiving the Sun-god heard
The wish of Phaethon; in a word,
To trust to another hand, untried,
Those flaming steeds o'er their course to guide,
He fain would not; but his word was given,
And though to Hades the car be driven,
He could not help it; so gave the reins
To his son, to drive o'er the airy plains.
For a time with Phaethon all went well;
But suddenly it by chance befell
The steeds got frightened, they dashed away,
Vain the attempt their course to stay,
Though Phaethon strove with them to cope,

Strained every nerve, in the eager hope
To check their speed; immortal power
Must lend its aid in that dread hour.
The car was swaying from side to side;
The steeds with fiery nostrils wide
Rushed madly on through the fleeting night,
Wrapping the world in a blaze of light,
Till it was threatened with danger dire
Of quick destruction by Phœbus' fire.
The goddess Earth, in sore alarm,
Applied to Jupiter, that from harm
He would protect her fair domain,
The horses wild in their course restrain,
And punish Phaethon for his pride,
In ranking himself a god beside.
So Jupiter, raising his arm on high,
Launched a thunderbolt through the sky,
That from the car young Phaethon hurled,
Stopped the horses and saved the world.

PHAETHON'S DRIVE.

Into a river the driver fell,
There perished, the fable tells us :—Well,
Whether he ended his brief career
In *Eridanus, or not, 't is clear
The moral to us remains the same,
That we have only ourselves to blame
When aping our betters, we strive to be
Above our station in life, and see
Our pride oft humblèd, our hopes in vain,
Our chief desire the greatest bane.

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* The river Eridanus, now the Po.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

There 's a quaint old story you all may know,
How Orpheus went to the world below,
Seeking in Pluto's realm if he
Could find his wife Eurydice.
Striking his tuneful lyre, he strayed
Up and down in the gloomy shade,
Through shadowy forms once full of life,
Singing, " Oh! where can I find my wife? "

At last he found her; no need to say
She was ready enough to get away.
But how to do it?—for '*facilis est*
Descensus Averni'—you know the rest—;
But *coming back* to the upper world
Is a very different thing, I 'm told;
And to Orpheus' mind it was very plain
Permission of Pluto he first must gain,
E'er he could carry his wife away
Unto the regions of the day.

Now Orpheus was famed both far and near
In music: his lyre so sweet and clear
Had even power the beasts to charm.
Birds of the air, free from alarm,

Surrounded him whene'er he played.
E'en leaves and brooks their motions stayed
To hear his music.—And now to bring
His talent to use, and Hades' king
To charm with his lyre till he agree
The fair Eurydice to free,
Became his task;—With hope and fear
He sought the palace of Pluto near.

He struck the chords with a skilful hand;
Never had music so fine and grand
Been heard before; as the sound increased
All Hades gathered, its noises ceased;
Tantalus even his thirst forgot,
The wheel of Ixion was turning not,

And Pluto himself, with royal grace,
Sat listening with a joyful face.

Suffice it that Orpheus his wish obtained,
Upon condition that till he gained
The realms of earth, *he* should take the lead,
Eurydice *follow;* and if indeed
On the upward course he should backward glance,
The pact was broken,—and lost the chance
Of seeing again his fair young wife;
And she in Hades should pass her life.
The fact is patent,—'t is strange, but true,—
If 't is forbidden to one to do
A certain thing, you will always see
The chief desire that thing will be

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Well, Orpheus' case was like all the rest;
He could not obey that one behest.
He turned; *she* vanished; and he was thrown
Suddenly into the world alone.
His lot was hard, but you 'll all agree
'T was harder for poor Eurydice.

* * * *

This fable points us two morals: one,—
Never look back when your work 's begun.
The other,—remember, a thoughtless deed
To lifelong sorrow a friend may lead.

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